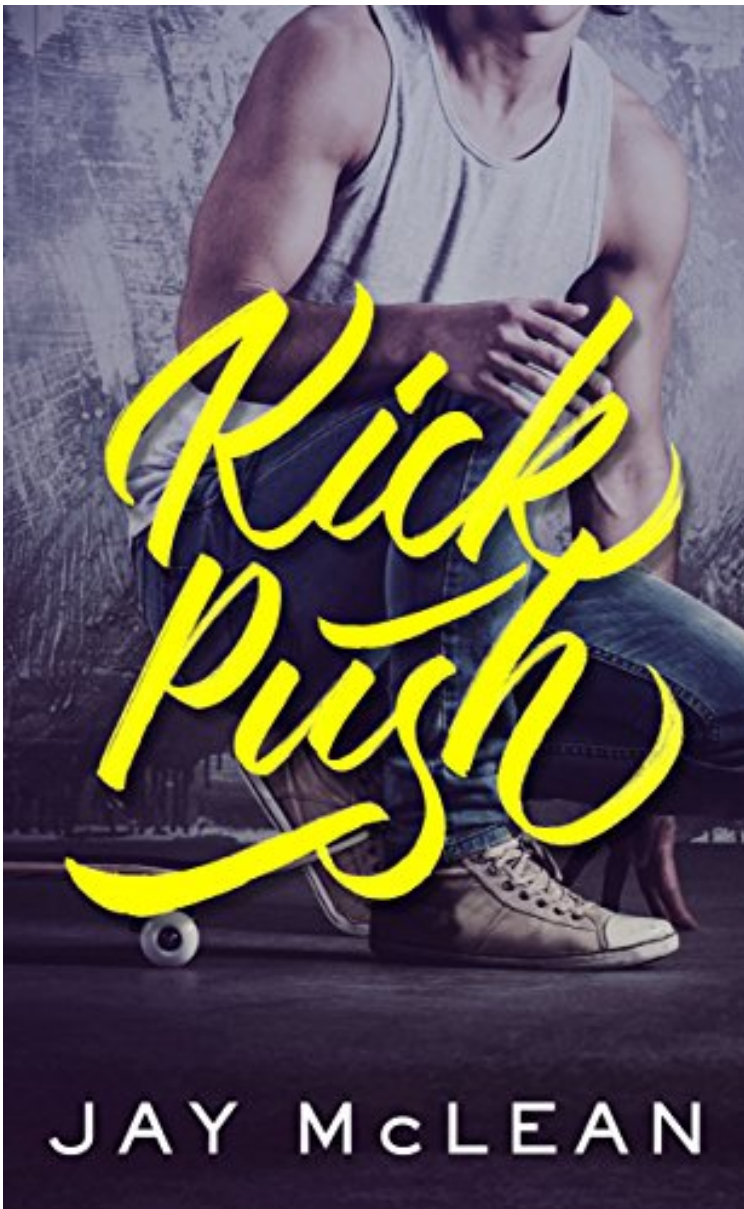


(Get free) File size: 48.Mb

Kick, Push (The Road Book 2) (English Edition)



Par Jay McLean
**Download PDF | ePub | DOC | audiobook | ebooks*

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #104880 dans eBooksPubli le: 2015-08-04Sorti le: 2015-08-04Format: Ebook Kindle

(Get free) Kick, Push (The Road Book 2) (English Edition)

Par Jay McLean : Kick, Push (The Road Book 2) (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Kick, Push (The Road Book 2) (English Edition):

Download

Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurTheres a single defining moment within every skater.It lasts only a second. Two if you're good. Three if youre really good. Its the moment youre in the air, your board somewhere beneath you, and nothing but wind surrounds you. Its the feeling of being airborne.The sixteen-year-old version of me wouldve said it was the greatest feeling in the world. Then at seventeen, I had my son. And every single

second became a defining moment. Even the ones that consisted of heartbreak when his mother left us. Seventeen. Single. Dad. That's what my life became. Yet, every day, I managed to find that feeling of being airborne. Or at least I convinced myself I did. But I lied to myself and to everyone around me. Until she showed up; Tanned skin, raven dark hair, and eyes the color of emeralds. You know what sucks about being in the air? Coming down from the high. Sometimes you land on the board and nail the trick. Then kick, push, and coast away. Other times you fall. You fall hard. And those are the times when it's not as easy to get back up, dust off your pads and try again. Especially when the girl with the emerald eyes becomes your drug... And you become her poison.

Présentation de l'auteur There's a single defining moment within every skater. It lasts only a second. Two if you're good. Three if you're really good. It's the moment you're in the air, your board somewhere beneath you, and nothing but wind surrounds you. It's the feeling of being airborne. The sixteen-year-old version of me would've said it was the greatest feeling in the world. Then at seventeen, I had my son. And every single second became a defining moment. Even the ones that consisted of heartbreak when his mother left us. Seventeen. Single. Dad. That's what my life became. Yet, every day, I managed to find that feeling of being airborne. Or at least I convinced myself I did. But I lied to myself and to everyone around me. Until she showed up; Tanned skin, raven dark hair, and eyes the color of emeralds. You know what sucks about being in the air? Coming down from the high. Sometimes you land on the board and nail the trick. Then kick, push, and coast away. Other times you fall. You fall hard. And those are the times when it's not as easy to get back up, dust off your pads and try again. Especially when the girl with the emerald eyes becomes your drug... And you become her poison.